

THE DAILY FREEMAN,

PUBLISHED EVERY MORNING.

Sundays excepted.

BY HORATIO FOWKS,

at the

Newkirk Building, Division St.,
City of Kingston, (Rondout, N. Y.)

The DAILY FREEMAN will be an Independent Republican Journal, with an opinion on every subject, firm in its advocacy of freedom, equal rights and just laws for all men; outspoken in its opposition to the abuses and follies of the day, in favor of progress and improvement everywhere, and especially devoted to the interests of the City of Kingston and vicinity.

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A Tramp on his Travels.

HOW A NEWSPAPER MAN WALKED FROM NEW YORK TO PHILADELPHIA, AND WHAT HE ENCOUNTERED ON THE TRIP.

The New York Times continues its highly interesting sketches of odd phases of life. We make the following extracts from the Life of a Tramp, which appeared in the edition of last Sunday:

A TRAMP'S NIGHT COMPANION.

There was the stereotyped accumulation of rags, tatters and uncleanness of beggars and bummers, all looking very abject and off-nerve when they turned out into the bright morning sunshine. They quickly slunk off, as though ashamed of themselves, in different directions, leaving myself and one tolerably decently clad, though dispirited looking young man in sole possession of the sidewalk. He looked at me, I looked at him; the operation was repeated two or three times, and then we engaged in conversation. I told him that I had tramped it all the way from Buffalo (heaven forgive me the lie!) and that I was going on to Philadelphia. He said that he had come from Albany, sneaking his way on the freight cars, and that he was bound for the same destination. Here was a prima facie bond of brotherhood. He proposed a drink; I proposed breakfast, and we went in search of an eating saloon. I was as hungry as a hunter, and soon dispatched a rather tough round steak, a dish of very greasy fried potatoes, and bread and butter and coffee to match; my new acquaintance eyeing me hungrily all the while, and several times throwing out very strong hints that he would gladly share my breakfast. I, however, obstinately refused to comprehend his meaning; and when I tendered a five-dollar bill in payment for my meal and asked for the change, he looked most reproachfully at me. He evidently regarded five dollars as a mine of wealth. On the landlord discovering that he could not and that I was unwilling to pay for the gin cocktail he had had, he was summarily ejected by the scuff of the neck, with the intimation—given in the choicest of rum-saloon language—that he was a dead beat, *pure et simple*. When I, a few moments afterward, appeared on the sidewalk, he was standing a few yards away. He at once treated me to a volume of abuse, called me a "lousy cuss," and swore he would be "even with me before night." In order to get rid of him I offered to lend him ten cents. He appeared to be entirely pacified at this mark of confidence on my part, and he promised to repay me the money that same night in New Brunswick, though he did not say anything about a place of meeting. He faithfully kept his promise—not in repaying me my ten cents, but in carrying out his previously avowed determination of being "even with me before night." I little dreamed what my short acquaintance with him was going to cost me.

A TRAMP'S REVENGE.

Having fortified myself with a substantial supper, and refreshed with my two hours' rest at New Brunswick, I started out on the Princeton road in search of a lodging—free gratis and for nothing—for the night. I asked at several farm houses which I passed for permission to sleep in a hay barn, and I invariably met with a refusal. Still I trudged cheerily on in the deepening twilight, thinking, like Mr. Micawber, that something must sooner or later turn up. But, like Micawber, I was destined to be disappointed, and at last began to experience a decided sympathy with the vexed spirit of Mr. Mantalini, and to exclaim, "Demme!" at each successive refusal. About 10:30 a farmer so far softened his refusal to allow me to sleep in his barn by informing me that I could get accommodation at the inn, in the village of Six-Mile-Run, about half a mile further on. That farmer was deceitful and desperately wicked in his generation. On reaching the inn—the Franklin House—I found that every one had long ago gone to bed, and that the place was in total darkness. I am convinced that the farmer knew that such would be the case. Mr. "Billy" Williamson, the landlord, forgot to apply for a spirit license this year, and as his sales of liquors are consequently confined to ginger pop and soda water, he does not find it profitable to keep his house open longer after dark. However, I lay down on a bench under the stoop, and, using my old straw hat for a pillow, I slept for about an hour. But my hard bed and the chilly air soon sent me in search of more comfortable quarters, and I came to an anchor on the bottom of a rockaway wagon, in which there was some hay, which stood in the open carriage-house of the inn. I curled myself up in the hay and was soon asleep. How long I had slept I do not exactly know, but I presume it must have been about one o'clock in the morning when I heard voices in the carriage-house. "Holy

Moses!" thought I, "there is an end of my night's rest." I peeped over the back of the rockaway, and I saw four men—one of them the very friend who was to repay me the ten cents which I had loaned him at Newark. "Hollo, Cap!" I called out, sitting up in the wagon. "Who the — is that?" was the polite rejoinder. I got out of the wagon, and my friend, at once recognizing me, expressed his pleasure at seeing me again, though he said nothing about the ten cents. The party were soon seated on some logs, and one produced a large hunk of corned beef, another a loaf of bread, and another some cold potatoes and raw onions, which were rolled up in a newspaper. I was invited to the repast, but having had supper and being tired with my day's walk, I preferred to return to my friendly rockaway. I fell asleep just as they were beginning to smoke, after they had eaten as much as they wished; having gathered from their conversation that they had stolen their supper from the larder of a farm house some distance along the road. I was soon after awakened by loud guffaw, followed by "Hush! you — fool!" and a silence of some minutes. Thinking that a conversation might be going on among them likely to give me some idea of who and what these, my fellow-tramps, were, I lay perfectly still and gradually began to breathe heavily, as though in the soundest sleep. The conversation was renewed in low tones, and judge of my horror when I heard my ten cent debtor remark:—"Fact; the nut broke the bill at Newark; I saw him; he ain't drunk, and so can't be bust yet." "Guess we'll help him with the rest," observed one of the others. "He's pretty sound off; suppose we do the job now and git before he has a chance of waking," said another. "Good heavens!" thought I, "these fellows mean to rob me." I was on the point of springing from the rockaway, thinking to make a dash and trust to my heels, when I recollected that before leaving Jersey City I had taken the wise precaution of sewing \$45 in the leg of my sock, and consequently that I had only \$3.75 and my knife in the pockets of my trousers. "Is it worth while," I argued with myself, "to run the risk of an encounter with these ruffians, especially as I must make a momentary spring from so awkward a vehicle to get out of the dark as a covered rockaway?" I determined, therefore, to be quite quiet and await my fate. I did not have to wait long. The four ruffians stealthily approached, feeling their way along the wagon in the darkness till they came to where my head was. A big log was quietly placed in position for the operator to stand on, so that he might reach me more easily; and the next moment, though I did not see him, for my eyes were closed, I could smell his onion-perfumed breath as he bent over me. Much as I endeavored to control the beating of my heart interfered with the regularity of my breathing. But the thief did not appear to notice this fact, and I soon felt his hand creeping slowly and softly down my left side. He went through me "in no time," as the Irishman says. He had soon possessed himself of my \$3.75 and my knife; had found my other trousers pocket empty, and had taken a packet of tobacco from the only coat pocket that was within his reach. They at once proceeded to divide, each taking ninety cents, the old fifteen cents and tobacco going to the one who had done the "trick," as they termed it. I was in a cold perspiration, for I had determined to make a fight of it if they discovered the forty-five dollars. They did not, however, long trouble me with their presence, and I was intensely relieved at seeing them start off, not along the road, but across the fields, just as the first gleams of daylight shot from the eastern sky. I sat up in the wagon, feeling for some minutes the greatest contempt for myself; but after having carefully considered the matter, I came to the conclusion that I had shown a wise discretion in showing the white feather, and I started on the way to Kingston thinking that I was well out of the affair. That day, however, I sent home thirty-five dollars by mail, leaving myself only enough to live on till I reached Philadelphia, and to pay my fare on the cars to New York.

As I started along the dusky road toward Kingston a somewhat disagreeable phase of my night's misadventure impelled me to put my best foot foremost. On leaving the carriage-house in which I had been so victimized I had caught sight of the debris of the feast which the thieves' rascals had held there. It was a pretty tell-tale exhibition! What if the irate farmer whose larder had been so ruthlessly raided on should come along in pursuit of the raiders? My artistically got-up appearance would be my worst accuser; and there would be nothing for me but to endure the village lock-up—how long? Such experience was by no means a part of my programme.—So I put on a spurt, and, on coming to a fork in the road, took the turning which did not lead me to Kingston. By making a detour of about two miles and with the guidance of a very intelligent little colored girl of nine or ten years of age, I succeeded in entering Kingston from a direction which would have entirely absolved me from suspicion of any participation in the corned-beef and cold-potato robbery of the night before.

A TRENTON LODGING HOUSE.

Passing through an open doorway into a dark and filthily dirty passage, I was introduced to the proprietress of the lodging-house.—She was as fearful a looking specimen of the female sex as one would care to behold, much less to encounter. She rather astonished me by answering my enquiry whether I could have a bed or no with the counter question, "Do you mean to get tight before you go to bed?" I gave her the strongest assurances that I did not, and paying my fifteen cents in advance, engaged—not the bed, as I had expected, but only one-half of it. There were three other beds in the room, which could not have been more than fourteen feet square.—Two rickety cane chairs, an old broken-down wash-stand, a much-stained looking-glass, and a picture of the Chicago fire constituted the entire furniture of the room. At the wash-stand stood a great brawny-chested fellow, stripped to the waist, washing his shirt, for the first time for weeks, to judge from the color of the dirty water. I was roughly informed that he had hired the other half of my bed. He looked at me as much as to say, "Three-quarters would be more correct." Having duly inspected my uninviting quarters, and being too early to take possession of them, I and my fellow-tramp strolled about the town till 10 o'clock, and then returned to the lodging house. It was an odd scene. All the other lodgers had come in. My bedfellow had

hung up his shirt to dry on a piece of string stretched from a nail in the wall to the outside shutter, and, in his stockings and trousers, was already sound asleep. Two dirty-looking ruffians were executing a trombone chorus on the next bed, having neglected to comply with the scrawling notice stuck on the wall above them. "Men will please take of their boots before going to bed." The third bed was occupied by two lads, apparently brothers, and mere boys. They were chatting in a low tone—I could almost say of home; for they had an honest, respectable look about them, and I once or twice caught the word mother. On the remaining bed—the one in which my friend had a half share—sat a man mending his trousers, which had given way for the twentieth time, judging from the number and variety of patches on them. He, too, had been doing some patching, and had his shirt, undershirt and a pair of socks hung out to dry on a string. He was smoking a short clay pipe, and wished us "the time o' day" as we entered. He shortly began to indulge in a string of imprecations against the clerk of the weather, and expressed his willingness to sell his soul for a glass of beer. Without desiring any revolutionary interest in the worthy's future being left, I nevertheless, said that I had fifteen cents in my pocket, and was willing to stand a quart of ale, if he would fetch it. There was magic in the words. My bed-fellow and the two dirty ruffians awoke on the instant and set up in bed, just as the amateur tailor had secured the fifteen cents and was holding his finger to the side of his nose as a cautionary signal to me. "Beer! I'm there," exclaimed dirty ruffian No. 1. "An' me too," put in dirty ruffian No. 2, as he stood up, stretched himself and yawned. "Who said anything about beer?" remarked the deceitful trousers mender. "That's too thin," rejoined ruffian No. 2; "come, hand out." The next moment a rough and tumble fight for the possession of my fifteen cents was in full operation, the kerosene lamp was knocked over, (Heaven only knows why it did not explode!) the landlady rushed in, cursing like half a dozen Fourth Ward natives, and I rushed out. How they settled the matter I did not go back to inquire. I betook myself to a decent looking little hotel for the night, and by 5 o'clock the next morning was crossing the bridge over the Delaware on my road to Philadelphia.

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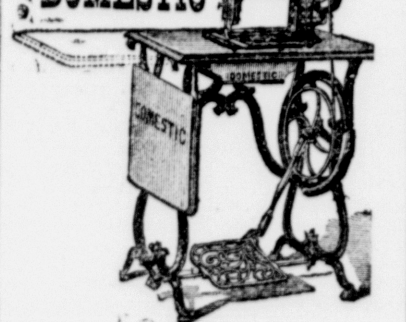
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